

The Washington Times

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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1908.

Mr. Dalzell and Another.

Skim the buncombe off the Dalzell speech and you have this left: Not now, but some time later there will be a revision of the tariff—a revision by its friends, so adjusted that no industry will mind it. Of course, that is a great concession. Stand-patters like Mr. Dalzell cannot say even so much without the toothache. But the voter who is paying the price of this standing pat may be pardoned if he measures it against a declaration on this same subject made in Buffalo seven years ago by a bigger and better Republican than Mr. Dalzell. It seems as if the Almighty has deserted the Republican party at last, if an honest Republican has to desert it in order to follow the counsel of William McKinley.

The Death of Edward F. Droop.

The name of a pioneer and public-spirited merchant—Edward F. Droop—is now added to a death roll seemingly already as heavy as any city can bear. It is a new loss which touches an unusually large number of us personally. For this was a man who had pre-eminently the ability to make friends, and they were few, indeed, who came within the sphere of his ready laugh and spontaneous personal kindness who did not choose to come again and again.

The fifty years of Mr. Droop's life in Washington were distinctly years of achievement. To the day of his last visit to his music store, it was about the end of January, he was in everything but years a young man. He had the hope, the confidence, the cheeriness, of youth; he allied himself with men as young as the sons he had made his partners; with them he worked to develop the faith he had in Washington as a business center; and so there was no wonder among his associates that his own business did much to justify that faith. Friends sometimes cited Mr. Droop as the exemplar of American opportunity for the foreign-born. He exemplified much more than that. It would be hard to cite a man who stood so conspicuously in the estimation of the whole wide business circle wherein he worked for personal and business honesty. His word was literally good as a bond. In the hour of his deepest sorrow it ought greatly to comfort his stricken family that this was the chief of the qualities which made Edward F. Droop so true a success in business, in citizenship, in personal influence.

Jersey's Fight Against Monopoly.

It is an interesting story which is told on another page of The Times today, about the efforts in New Jersey, of The Times' efforts in behalf of fair treatment for Washington by its Gas Monopoly. It may well be doubted if there is a State in which the public service interests have a more effective grip than in New Jersey. The effort to throw off the yoke has been afoot for some years, but its accomplishments have been local, temporary, and not highly effective, aside from the fact that Senator Dryden was retired after a determined fight—an achievement altogether creditable, and on which the State deserved all the congratulations it received.

Oddly enough, the effort of The Washington Times to help Washington has served to place in the hands of the New Jersey progressives the ammunition with which to make their fight. The Times, in the beginning of its campaign, engaged Hoa, John MacVicar, secretary of the American League of Municipalities, and one of the country's acknowledged experts in municipal service and control, to look carefully into conditions here. Mr. MacVicar furnished a vast array of facts about the reasonable cost and the reasonable price of gas, and proved beyond question that Washington pays altogether too much for its gas.

These facts, published in The Times, were taken up by the Newark Evening News, an independent paper, and one of the strongest in New Jersey, and exploited in that State, with the result that the public's eyes were opened to things never before realized. Accurate, expert, statistical information about the cost of making and delivering gas is not much in circulation. The Times' presentation of a great array of it caused wonderment, then amazement. People in New Jersey, getting The Times' exposure through the Newark papers' columns, became more and more indignant. Their feelings are now getting vent through their representatives in the Legislature, where a more effective fight is being made than ever before for corporation regulation. That a regulation statute will pass this winter is the confident prediction of Herman Walker, Washington correspondent of the Newark Evening News.

Athletics and Shoulder Straps.

They have a mull in the National Guard of New York. At the bottom of it is athletics. Certain general officers have concluded that holders of commissions should not jump hurdles or vault over a bar, or steal second base in contests with the enlisted men. So they are enforcing a promise made to the examining board by a certain Lieut. Harry Hillman, world's champion at 220 yards (indoors), 300 yards and 440 yards—according to the Athletic Almanac—not to compete with enlisted men if he should be made an officer.

Of course, if Hillman made such a promise he should either keep it or resign. But he should never have made any such pledge or been asked to do so.

The only distinction which should exist in American military organizations between officers and their men is that which separates the boss from his "hands" outside the army. Abroad the gulf is one of the signs of caste. The nobility supplied the officers; the peasantry supplied the men. But here all ranks supply all classes. There are young ladies, indeed, who make it a proverb that in the militia the noblest men are all private soldiers. Whether they are right or wrong, the only distinctions which should be drawn according to shoulder straps among us Americans are those which are required for discipline and results. And in case of doubt, an American will do well not to press the distinction.

Athletic contests might be that reasoning be freely permitted between the two classes. They are in most militia bodies, and sometimes even in the regular service. But the reasoning outlined has a special aspect when it comes to competitive athletics.

All military organizations need men of strong physique and proven endurance. Voluntary and spirited preparations for matches will do more to develop such bodies than a deal of heavy marching. The more of that preparation an army can get the more fighting it can do. So that, to the Washington judgment, about the last thing the National Guard of New York ought to suppress among its officers and men—until there is a clear showing of hindered discipline—is a healthful spirit of athletic rivalry.

Governor Beckham was a youthful wonder in politics, and that he should now have been defeated by a bolt within his own party is no reason for the belief that he will be permanently retired from the field. On the other hand, the machine which he has built up in his State will unquestionably survive the defeat, and survive it loyal to its master. Governor Beckham will be heard from again, and it may be expected that as long as he and his methods are at the front in Jersey politics, there will be no lack of interest in that game.

Senator Smoot wants people to live in their incomes. Right now, Senator, that would be mighty hard for a lot of folks who aren't at all extravagant.

Russia's financial condition will not permit the immediate construction of the big new navy she is going to have. Thus is some other naval power deprived of a prospective equipment.

Now that benzoin of soda is to be permitted once more as a seasoning, the Senate will doubtless get back that old-time tonic which didn't characterize the ones that mother made.

The man who invented the noiseless gun could now serve society well if he would produce a corresponding attachment for the campaign orator.

Kentucky thinks highly of William Jennings Bryan, but really it can't be more than a sister to him.

TO THINK OF IT!

And now they've even brought "The Last Rose of Summer" into it! Just listen:

"The last jug of Bourbon
Left standing alone;
All the colonels that tapped it
Are faded and gone.
No ghost of a cocktail,
No old friends in view,
To reflect back, 'Drink hearty'
'Here's looking at you!'"

—Atlanta Constitution.

A LITTLE REVISION OF BURNS.
A'ither folk are fu' o' fa'its.
And o' their morals I've ma'doubt—
But some power the gifts gie them
To see themselves as I can see them.

—Success Magazine.

January Circulation Figures

Net Daily Average:

The Times.....41,501

The Star.....37,128

Debutante's Remarkable Feat In Mazes of Giddy Waltz

Startling Facts and Unique Features Set Forth
in Pleasing Form to Be Found in
Tomorrow's Times.

There is nothing in the world like a big, comfortable, armchair in a well-heated room on a blustering Sunday afternoon and evening in March. How nice it is to sit very much neglected, smoking a pipe, or munching chocolate creams, unmindful of the howling wind and deeply engrossed in a Sunday newspaper. That's what many people call real bliss. Without the Sunday newspaper it would be like a course dinner without the dessert, and it is this very dessert that the Sunday Editor of the Times is concerned about.

To be entertaining, the Sunday reading must be bright, happy, thrilling and engrossing, and this is exactly what is claimed for the magazine section of tomorrow's Times. It contains ten scintillating pages, each handsomely illustrated, some of them in gorgeous colors, and it is a safe bet that once picked up it will not be laid down until it has been gleaned from the first column of the first page to the last column of the last page.

The Art of Dancing.

Dancing is an art that is practically as old as the world. It was the mode of entertaining great kings and rulers far back in the dark ages. It is just as popular today as it was then, but how little the average person knows of the statistics concerning it. Have you ever stopped to think how few you would dance with, if you had a life or two-step if you had danced in a straight line instead of around the room? Then have you ever multiplied that by the number of dances in one evening and the result by the number of dances you attended during a given season? The answer will appall you.

The magazine edition of The Times tomorrow will tell you all about it and it is a preparation that is made every year for the season of penitence, known as Lent. Have you ever wondered where the fish you eat comes from, or the eggs and milk? Then think of the new styles for the Easter gowns and bonnets. These cannot be got out in a day, two days, a week, or a month. Many months of preparation are necessary, and this subject forms an interesting page in tomorrow's magazine section.

Famous Cathedral Crumbling.

The famous cathedral of Cologne is rapidly crumbling to dust. It has stood many years, but at last succumbs to time, the destroyer of all things, both animate and inanimate. This has set

Mr. Munsey Welcomed By The Baltimore Sun

The Baltimore Sun, in its editorial columns this morning comments on the sale of the Baltimore News to Frank A. Munsey, as follows:
"The sale of the Baltimore Evening News to Frank A. Munsey, of New York, has excited much speculation among the readers of that paper, few or none of whom expected a change in the ownership. The present management has made the News a successful paper, and has been characterized by certain methods and policies that have attracted attention and seemed to indicate an intention to remain permanently in local journalism. Their sudden retirement from the newspaper field comes, therefore, as a great surprise and creates interest as to the paper's future. The new owner, Mr. Munsey, promises a continuation of past policies and standards, and it will be interesting to note how far he will be able to do this in the satisfaction of those to whom these standards and policies have recommended themselves. Mr. Munsey is a man of distinct individuality, with convictions and methods of his own, and his strong personality will doubtless be reflected in the paper's future. It was due personally to Mr. Grasty that the News achieved the position it attained as a business success."

"As we understand it, Douglas H. Gordon, Julian LeRoy White, and Charles H. Grasty were the joint owners of the News, but the general management of the paper was left more particularly to the latter. It was due personally to Mr. Grasty that the News achieved the position it attained as a business success. In retiring from the newspaper field in Baltimore, the Sun extends its best wishes to Mr. Grasty and congratulates him upon the splendid price he obtained for the News, which could only have been gotten by the excellence Mr. Grasty's management gave it."

MOTHER AND BABES DIE WHEN DWELLING BURNS

PITTSBURG, Feb. 29.—Four persons, a woman and three children, perished early this morning when fire destroyed a two-story frame house occupied by John Kalmowska, at 210 Breton avenue.

The dead are Mrs. Kalmowska and her three children. All three suffocated by the smoke before having a chance to escape.

Several men were playing cards on the first floor of the building, which is used as a store, before the flames broke out.

A dozen other occupants of the Kalmowska house and an adjoining dwelling narrowly escaped death by fleeing in their night clothes.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

There are no free schools in China, and if there were they would have no pupils. The poor people educate their own sons and daughters, and it does not take them long. When a boy can count up to ten, tell the difference between kinds of money and can catch fish or snare a duck he is thought to have all the education needed. When a girl can sew and wash dishes and tell the time of day by the clock she must seek for no more.

If one were to ask one thousand common Chinamen what the answer would be that China was the whole show.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

people to thinking and the question is often asked: "Will Washington's public buildings crumble away too, and how soon?" This subject is of vital interest to every man, woman and child in the country, and you must not fail to read it.

Baron Takahira, the new ambassador from Japan, and Wu Ting-fang, minister from China, have just arrived from the Orient, and with their coming the last of the winter fades away from the dew before the morning sun. The Times tells you why. One of the brightest features of the magazine section is the weekly interview with dramatic star. This week it is with Ethel Barrymore, the idol of all theatergoers, and of course, everybody wants to read what she has to say. Not only this, but everyone should see the drawing of herself that she made expressly for The Times Sunday magazine.

Money Made of Poison?

Would you refuse to take Uncle Sam's long green if you knew positively that the ink is deadly poison? Some say it is and others disagree. The Sunday Times presents the facts in the case of one employee of the Treasury Department, who suffered the loss of an eye by rubbing it immediately after she had handled some new money.

On one of the inside color pages are grouped four intensely interesting stories. Each one is illustrated in colors and tell of a princess who, although alive, was dead; how Cupid laughed at an irate parent's objection and subsequent injunction; a man's contest of his father's estate to prove that he is a white man; and how a young man with Indians, and a novel reunion of fiddlers. Honestly, now, doesn't all this sound interesting and inviting?

England's Titled Laundress.

On another page you will find a vivid description of a titled Englishwoman, who conducts a hot store and laundry, and who is working out two great philanthropic schemes for the poor young women of Great Britain. On this same page you will find the pictures of two beauties in the international contest. Everybody is interested in this contest. Nova Scotia and Sweden have entered, and the contest is now on. The Times reproduces the photographs in the magazine section tomorrow. Be sure and see them and see how they compare with Miss Grey, America's beauty, or even with our own Eola Rice.

Then there's the page of fashions for women. Volumes could be written about the magazine supplement for tomorrow, but it suffices to say that the issue of tomorrow will be the best ever put out by The Sunday Times, and that is saying a great deal. It is truly a very broad assertion, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so get The Times tomorrow morning and see if it isn't true.

STEVENSON STATE COMMISSION'S APPROVAL

The Stevenson Memorial Statue Commission has accepted the model of the statue to be dedicated to General Stevenson in this city, which was designed by J. Masser Rhind of New York. The model was viewed and approved by the commission in the office of Colonel Bromwell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds.

The model calls for a shaft thirty feet high, of triangular shape, with a group of figures on either side representing the cardinal principles of the Grand Army of the Republic—fraternity, loyalty, charity.

Funds for the statue were raised by the Grand Army, which will dedicate it to Gen. Benjamin F. Stevenson, founder of the G. A. R. Congress appropriated \$10,000 for the pedestal. It will be erected in the circular park at the intersection of Louisiana avenue, Seventh and C streets, opposite the pedestrian statue of General Hancock.

The statue commission appointed by Congress was composed of Senator Belmont, chairman; Mr. McCullough, chairman of the Senate and House Library Committee; Secretary of War William H. Taft; Thomas Hopkins, secretary-treasurer of the G. A. R. Memorial Committee; Colonel Bromwell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds; and Mr. McCullough, chairman of the Senate and House Library Committee; Secretary of War William H. Taft; Thomas Hopkins, secretary-treasurer of the G. A. R. Memorial Committee; Colonel Bromwell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds; and Mr. McCullough, chairman of the Senate and House Library Committee.

J. Masser Rhind was designated to design the statue by the G. A. R. Memorial Committee. Congress specified, however, that the design must be approved by the statue commission.

Deputy Sheriff Robert Scott, of Exeter, has been chosen to take the papers to Paris, and bring Roy back to this country. If the French authorities decide that the offense is extraditable.

To "know a hawk from a heronshaw" is a metaphor with a curious history, says the Manchester Guardian. It is a comparison drawn from falconry.

"Heronshaw" is a corruption of "heronshaw," or young heron, a bird which was a common prey of the falcons. To know a hawk from a heronshaw is therefore, to be able to distinguish the falcon from its prey. A further colloquialism crept into the phrase—"to know a hawk from a handsaw," a form used by Hamlet in one place. Possibly the distinction between a hawk and a heronshaw was found not to be strong enough for the purpose of the proverb.—Exchange.

Address the Joint Finance Committee, 811 G street, for the Associated Charities, Citizens' Relief Association, and Committee on Prevention of Consumption.

STABBED TEACHER QUITS HOSPITAL

M. Rene De Sevier, the instructor of foreign languages at the Berlitz School, who was thought to have been fatally stabbed two weeks ago by a fellow-teacher, Otto Flickenger, was allowed to leave Emergency Hospital this morning. The physicians say that De Sevier's recovery is one of the most miraculous which has come under their notice. Because of the remarkable features connected with the man's practical recall to life a series of lectures explaining the case in detail will be delivered to medical students here.

De Sevier does not look like a man who had passed through the terrible experience he did. With the exception of being a little weak, he is as healthy as ever. When asked as to his plans he said: "Yes, I am still a little weak and stiff, but that is to be expected. I have received many letters of condolence and congratulation from my former pupils and friends. I am inclined to believe there was assurance that if I recovered I would take instruction from me, so I have been opening a school of my own at 717 Fourteenth street, northwest, on Monday. The applications have been so numerous that I shall employ several assistants from the first to help me in my work."

CARKINS FELL DEFENDING HIS SISTER, ROY'S WIFE TELLS THE DETECTIVES

(Continued from First Page.)

but he killed my brother, of whom I was very fond, and I can never forgive him."

Baroness' Sister Knows Nothing of Her Whereabouts

Mystery still surrounds the whereabouts, the identity and the strange career of the Baroness von Orendorf, patroness of Glacita Calla, notwithstanding the fact that a sister of the baroness has been located in this city and the baroness herself maintains a residence here.

At her residence the housekeeper who has been left in charge was non-committal ago today. She only would say that the baroness and her son both were out of town, and had left no word as to their whereabouts or when they would return.

A sister of the baroness and she says she is the only one—keeps a boarding house in the northeastern section of the city. She emphatically protested at her name being dragged into the matter, and was almost equally as non-committal as to the baroness as the latter's house servants. She professed to know little about her.

I have nothing to do with this affair, she said, and I do not know about the Roy murder or what does my sister know either as to that? Of the whereabouts of the baroness I know nothing. I know that she and her son are in some remote, quiet place, and she remains until the baroness sees fit to return. My daughter is the only niece the baroness has. I am her only sister. I know nothing of her connection with the Calla case and the sensational stories published about her.

In fact I know but little about my sister. I am busy with making a living for myself. The baroness had paid for me for many months with the quality that is no reason for my sister to be her being my sister. Yes, we are Italians. As to her husband, his career or her I shall have nothing whatever to say.

Although the baroness' sister did not state it is to be inferred that the two have known less of one another's affairs since the baroness became so devoted to society and its exacting duties.

Roy Extradition Papers Are Sent to Washington

CONCORD, N. H., Feb. 29.—An application for the extradition from France of Paul Emilio Roy, who is charged by his wife, known as Glacita Calla, with the murder of her brother, George A. Carkins, which was signed by Governor Percival P. Chandler, was forwarded to Washington this morning.

County Solicitor Charles H. Batchelder came here from Portsmouth to lay the matter before the governor. He was met at Rockingham Junction by Attorney General Edwin G. Eastman. Batchelder had the affidavits of Mrs. Roy and Mr. and Mrs. John D. Kelley, of which which will be sent to Paris. The forenoon was spent in examining the authorities and precedents bearing on the matter of extradition. Attorney General Eastman says that he is firmly convinced that Roy could be extradited from France and brought to New Hampshire for trial.

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CURIOUS METAPHOR.

To "know a hawk from a heronshaw" is a metaphor with a curious history, says the Manchester Guardian. It is a comparison drawn from falconry. "Heronshaw" is a corruption of "heronshaw," or young heron, a bird which was a common prey of the falcons. To know a hawk from a heronshaw is therefore, to be able to distinguish the falcon from its prey. A further colloquialism crept into the phrase—"to know a hawk from a handsaw," a form used by Hamlet in one place. Possibly the distinction between a hawk and a heronshaw was found not to be strong enough for the purpose of the proverb.—Exchange.

Will You Speak for the Poor?

Your church is asked to take up a Sunday morning collection.

Your children's Sunday school is invited to help the suffering little children in destitute homes.

Your Christian Endeavor Society, or Epworth League, or Young People's Union is urged to lend a hand.

Your fraternal order is naturally interested in charity.

If you belong to any of these or to any other organization, help to make it helpful in the united effort of the whole community to relieve, befriend, and uphold the needy.

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THE NEW BOOK OF THE WORLD

In Trouble With the Philologists.

The man who attempts to write King James' English must be on more intimate terms with the subjunctive mood and kindred elusive bits of syntax than our latter-day grammars and teachers seem to reach. Although Gelett Burgess' waggish book, "The Maxims of Methusalem," cleverly sustains for the most part its flavor of ancient phraseology, there are passages where the grammatical construction becomes a vexing problem.

For example, the sage patriarch, speaking of woman's wondrous ways, says, "Lo, if thou speakest to her the whole truth, she will say: 'Ha, ha, he deceiveth me, he hath not told me the half.' And unto it he saith: 'I will tell thee the whole truth.'"

Mr. Burgess' publishers may have hesitated to criticize a veteran of such vast experience as Methusalem, but they were inclined to believe that he should more properly have written, "Lo, if thou speak to her the whole truth."

The special literary province of Mrs. Lewis, the first has been the funny situation in the short story which has a delightful social environment, and introduces agreeable men and women of the sort most commonly met with. Mrs. Lewis did not begin to write for publication until she had arrived at young manhood, when in consequence of her becoming known to the magazines, and appear now from time to time.

The "Cat and the Canary" Author.

Margaret Cameron, who has just published through the Harpers her first book bearing the piquant title, "The Cat and the Canary," in previous life, Mrs. Cameron, C. Lewis, brought to a resident of New York, she is one of the many writers who have spent most of their life on the Pacific coast, especially in California.

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Confusion Over "The Shuttle." If her publishers are not careful, Mrs. Burnett's "Shuttle" will be taken from her by people who, admiring the book, inadvertently attribute its authorship to some one else. When the now well-known international novel was first published, "The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker, also made its appearance. The confusion of these books was, of course, inevitable from the similarity of their titles.

Now through a review there comes another unwilling claimant. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who needs not the fiction press to establish her fame, was recently chronicled in the columns of a daily paper as "the author of that wonderful book, 'The Shuttle,' which is a great original story." This confusion calls to mind Bret Harte's remark to the gushing lady, who, his neighbor one evening at dinner, complimented him on the late John Hay's poem, "Little Breecches."

"Madam," bowed the Westerner, "you've put 'Little Breecches' on the wings of the wind."

Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Wiggin, and Sir Gilbert Parker would naturally be far more content with their own books than with other authors', if only people would render unto them the things that are theirs.

Kind Words for the Story Teller. "On Unbinding Over a Novel," the title of an article in the current Academy, which is based on "The Secret Agent" of Joseph Conrad, is a critic's plea for more novels with the quality of a "simple tale," this having been the author's ingenious characterization of his much discussed book.

"Mr. Conrad," explains the Academy writer, in defining a simple tale, "does not tell us of a man's life, but of a man's life as he sees it. The vast relief of it! To unbind over this kind of book exactly represents what a large class of readers want to read. The story is simple, and the author gives them a story which neither irritates them by its absurdities nor humiliates them by its lofty aims or its subtle subtleties. It is deep. Affectionate regard and much money await the skillful novelist who is not above meeting the demands of those who want to unbind over a simple tale."

Sir Oliver Lodge a Spiritualist.

Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist, and author of "The Substance of Faith," the publication of which no later than last spring was attended with so many expressions of reassured belief in the continuity of life after death, on the part of his readers, has become a pronounced convert to the spiritualist. The distinguished scholar believes, however, that his new views do not controvert those he has already expressed. He has them to a logical fulfillment. "The Substance of Faith" having been published by the Harpers on both sides of the water, doubtless it has astonished America almost as much as the continent, where for a quarter of a century Sir Oliver Lodge's name in the list of scientific thought has been pre-eminent.

In the Real "Garden of Allah."

Some time since, a traveler roaming about over the East with her camera made the discovery that the Ben Mora of Robert Hichens' wonderful novel, "The Garden of Allah," is an actual place. Biskra is its real name, easily found on the map, and the photographs in the new illustrated edition, published by Stokes, New York, illustrate the very phrases of the book.

And now there comes from an authoritative source the statement that the story itself is the faithful narrative of people still living. Boris Androvsky did flee from his Trappist cloister, seeking forgetfulness in the desert and finding it in a restored faith. The same ideas, but Domin Enghden, a beautiful English woman, like himself a seeker for peace. But, unlike the fugitive Trappist, she still clung with all her constant, unquestioning soul to the right tenets of her creed. These two met as strangers in the desert. The mad allurements of which Mr. Hichens pictures so convincingly, and they loved and were married, all as the story describes.

Before the first ecstasy of their lonely honeymoon had died away, the inevitable discovery came. Boris, restive beneath the pros of his conscience, a wayfaring French officer added to his unpopularity by cunningly discerning in him a renegade monk, and Domin, yearning only to share the sorrow she felt gnawing at her husband's heart, learned his secret. In the desert she first loved him, and in the desert he confessed his sin; a sin so great, in their faith, that the mere thought of their marriage was itself blasphemy. Between them, they saw but one possible course; he should return to the monastery.

Here the action of Mr. Hichens' novel ends, leaving Domin in Count Anton's garden, coming her lonely hours with the little boy, whose father, ignorant of his birth, sits again telling leads in the cloister near Tunis.

child had been born to him. Unable to endure separation from his wife and son he had never seen, Boris escaped a second time and fled to Sicily. Later the three went to Sicily, and today, in an obscure quarter of huge, grimy London, they are living their life together. The boy is quite a youngster now. And, saddest of all, the life that Boris and Domin lead is not happy.

New Books at Hand.

"The Lady of the Mount." Frederic S. Isham. The Bobbs Merrill Company. Illustrated.

An extremely clever study of French island life, of those of the French revolution—well worth the reading.

"The Soul of a Priest." The Duke Little Doubleday, Page & Co. Illustrated.

A careful psychological study of Monastic life, ending in the disillusionment of the Priest Renzo.

"The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies." Chas. H. Lea. The Macmillan Company.

One of the most useful books to students of exploration, and early adventure in the West, or Hemisphere that has appeared in a long time. Charles Henry Lea's "The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies." This book is really the concluding volume of Dr. Lea's famous work on the Inquisition, and to many readers the most interesting. It tells the story of voyages to America by English adventurers contain many references to the evil fate of those unfortunate who fell into the hands of the Spaniards, were turned over to the tender mercies of the Holy Office. That the Inquisition was in force in the Americas, and known, but its scope, methods, and history were not familiar to the general reader. Dr. Lea has rendered a valuable service by now giving a comprehensive view of the Inquisition itself in the new world, but of its serious effects upon the Spanish colonial policy.

Are You a Whitmaniac?

"Literature about Walt Whitman continues to multiply," writes Don Marquis in Uncle Remus' Magazine for March. "In no less than six different periodicals we have run across the trail of the Whitman discussion within the last few months. And curiously enough, nearly everything that is written about him contains examples of the most intemperate assertion, one party making him a god off